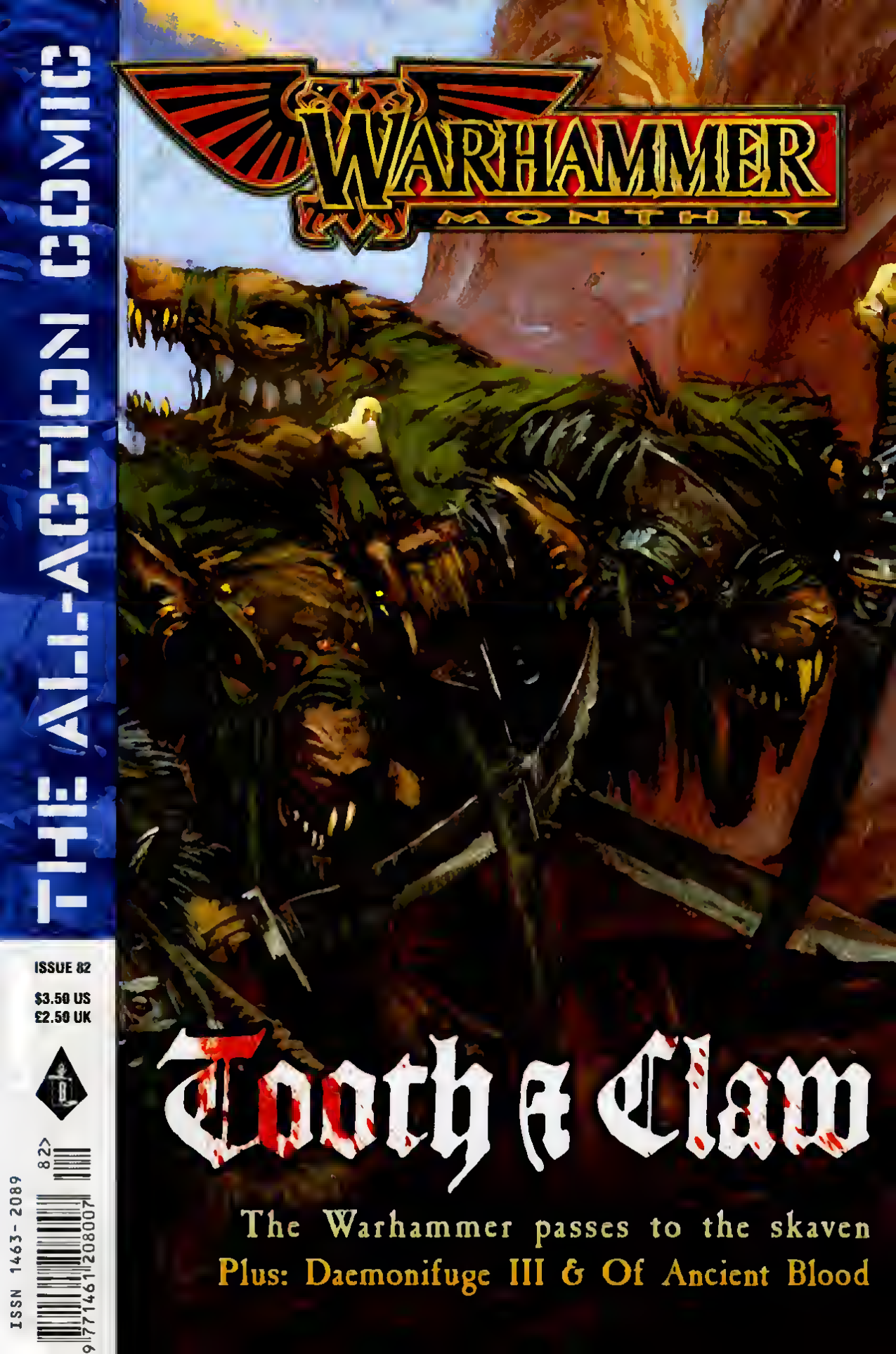

THE ALL-ACTION COMIC
WARHAMMER
MONTHLY
ISSUE 82
$3.50 US
£2.50 UK
ISSN 1463-2089
Tooth & Claw
The Warhammer passes to the skaven
Plus: Daemonifuge III & Of Ancient Blood

CONTENTS

THE WARHAMMER Fate-breaker. Back-cracker. Rat-masher. Shadow-prize. The Warhammer goes by many names but all of them spell death!

Script: Dan Abnett • Art: Adrian Smith • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

DAEMONIFUGE Beset on all sides by both the forces of the Imperium and the Dark Powers, Ephrael Stern must embrace her destiny and uncover the truth about her powers.

Script: Si Spurrier • Art: Tiernen Trevollion • Letters: Fiona Stephenson • www.blacklibrary.com/daemonifuge

BY REASON OF HUNGER The Empire is beset by many enemies, but none are more insidious than the skaven. Wilhelm Leiber, scholar – some would say madman – has written a book about them called 'The Loathsome Ratmen and their Vile Kin'. Read an extract from this forthcoming background book from the Black Library.

OF ANCIENT BLOOD Helmar von Carstein's journey to be by his wife's side takes a most unexpected detour.

Script: Mitchel Scanlon • Art: Jon Haward • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

BEING THE editor of a comic book I like to think that I've got my finger on the pulse when it comes to pop culture trends, which is why I'm over the moon that 'Of Ancient Blood' is launching slap bang in the middle of the horror revival. From comic books such as the excellent *The Walking Dead* and *30 Days of Night* through to Hollywood blockbusters like *Van Helsing* and *Dawn of the Dead* it seems the whole world has gone crazy for horror in a way not seen since the heyday of Freddy Krueger and Jason Vorhees in the mid-eighties.

Warhammer Monthly isn't the only area of BL Publishing to get in on the horror act. Black Flame have recently published the novelisations for *Freddy vs. Jason* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and have more spine-chillers and gore fests on the way whereas Inferno! has just served up *The Vampire Hunters* and has several other undead themed tales scheduled throughout the rest of 2004.

Here's hoping that the next pop culture trend is giant killer bunnies otherwise the last batch of stories I commissioned is going to go to waste! CD

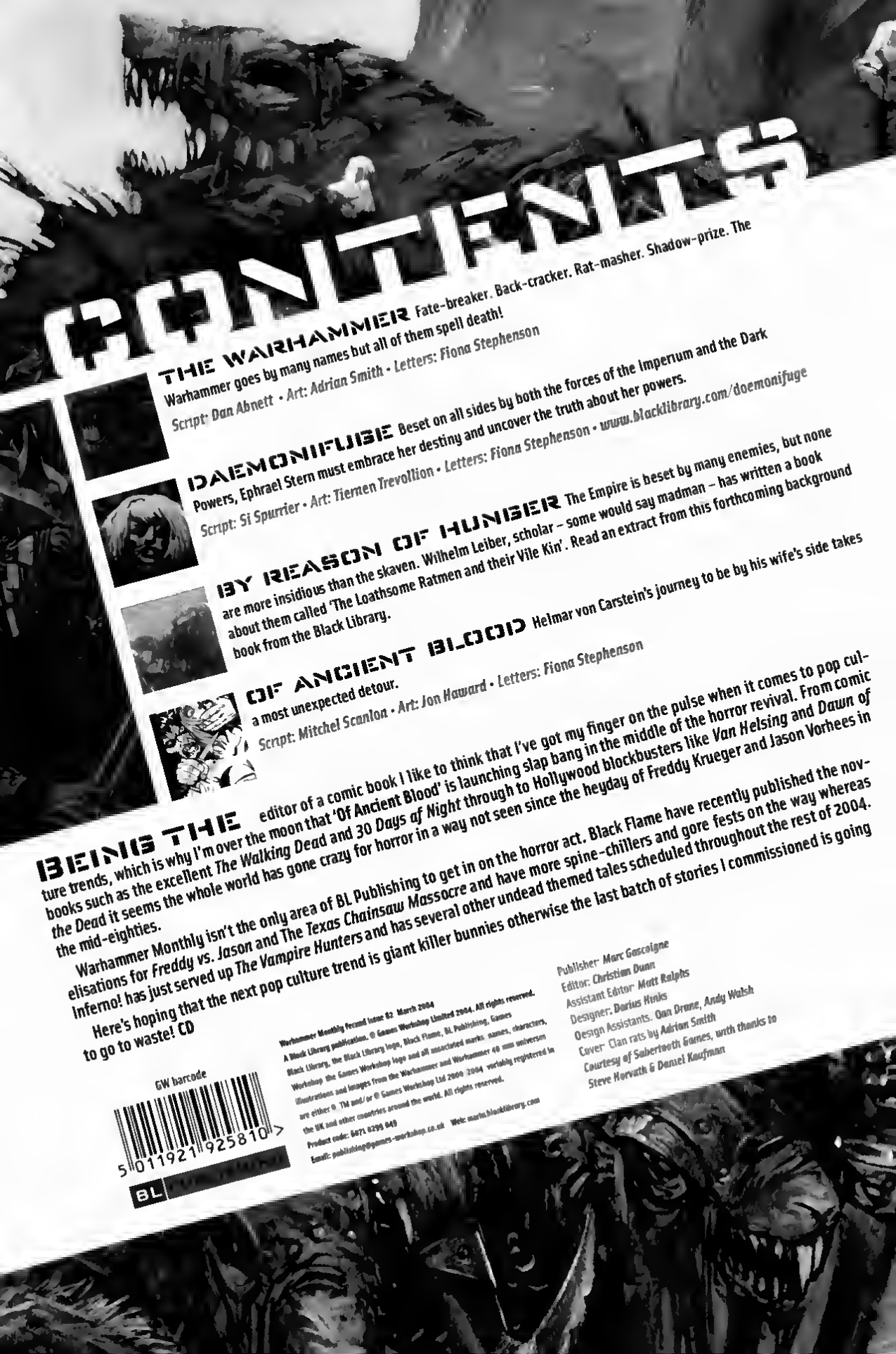
Warhammer Monthly Pennant Issue 82 March 2004

A Black Library publication. © Games Workshop Limited 2004. All rights reserved. Black Library, the Black Library logo, Black Flame, BL Publishing, Games Workshop, the Games Workshop logo and all associated marks, names, characters, illustrations and images from the Warhammer and Warhammer 40 000 universes are either ® TM and/or © Games Workshop Ltd 2000-2004 variably registered in the UK and other countries around the world. All rights reserved.

Product code: 6471 8295 649

Email: publishing@games-workshop.co.uk Web: merlin.blacklibrary.com

Publisher: Marc Gascoigne
Editor: Christian Dunn
Assistant Editor: Matt Ralphs
Designer: Darius Hinks
Design Assistants: Dan Crane, Andy Walsh
Cover: Clan rats by Adrian Smith
Courtesy of Sabertooth Games, with thanks to Steve Horvath & Daniel Kaufman



THE WARHAMMER
Script: Dan Abnett • Art: Adrian Smith
Letters: Fiona Stephenson
PART THREE
FIRST, THERE WAS WRYTH.
WRYTH WARBITE. BLACK OF PELT. BRIGHT OF EYE. UNDER THE MAN-TOWN OF MARHEIM, WHERE THE LIGHT DECAYS.
HE FOUND IT. HE WON IT. A FIGHT-TROPHY.
IT SMELLED VALUABLE. IT WAS QUITE THE FINEST PIECE OF MAN-MAKING HE'D EVER GOT HIS PAWS ON.

WRYTH WARBITE CALLED IT A SHRILL SOUND THAT MEANS 'FATE-BREAKER' IN THE MAN-TONGUE
HE KNEW HE COULD TAKE THIS PIECE OF FINE MAN-MAKING AND UN-MAKE MEN WITH IT
AND A LOT MORE BESIDES
HE WOULD UN-MAKE HIS DESTINY. UNDER THE MAN-TOWN OF MARHEIM. WHERE THE LIGHT DECAYS
NO LONGER WOULD HE BE WRYTH WARBITE, CLAN CHAMPION OF REEKILL, BONDKIN OF CLANLORD GREE
CLAN CUSTOM SAID THAT WRYTH SHOULD MAKE AN OFFERING OF THE FIGHT-TROPHY TO HIS GREAT CLANLORD.
WRYTH DECIDED TO UN-MAKE THAT CUSTOM...

...AS SOON AS HE'D FINISHED UN-MAKING CLANLORD GREE.
AND SO ME WAS CLANLORD, UNDER THE MAN-TOWN OF MARHEIM, WHERE THE LIGHT DECAYS
NEXT, THERE WAS SKUR.
SKUR JASEARED, YELLOW OF TOOTH AND LONG OF FLANK, IN THE MARSHES OF THE TALABEC, WHERE THE WATERS FUME.
HE WAS PLEDGED TO SERVE THE NEW CLAN-LORD OF THE REEKILL.
AND SO HE DID, WITH FURY AND VIGOUR, FOR SEVEN MAN YEARS.

BUT ALL THE WHILE, HIS GAZE *LINGERED*, LONGINGLY, ON FATE-BREAKER, GREAT FIGHT-TROPHY, CLAN-LORD'S WEAPON
WISHING IT WAS HIS, AND HIS ALONE, IN THE *MARSHES* OF THE TALABEC, WHERE THE WATERS FUME.
UNDER WRYTH CLANLORD, THE REEKILL *MADE WAR* UPON THE NIGHT GOBLINS OF THE BURNING EYE.
FATE-BREAKER *BROKE* THE GOBLINS FATE.
AND CLAN REEKILL FEASTED WELL, AND DRANK TO THE *EXPANSION* OF THEIR SUBTERRANEAN TERRITORY.
BUT SKUR JAGEARED DID NOT TOUCH A *DROP*.

SO CLEAR HEADED WAS HE WHEN DRUNKEN STUPOR CLAIMED THE REST.
AND WRYTH HE UN-MADE.
NOW SKUR WAS CLANLORD OF THE REEKILL IN THE MARSHES OF THE TALABEC WHERE THE WATERS FUME.
NEXT CAME GNAASH.
GNAASH ONE-EYE, DARK OF MANE AND QUICK OF PAW, IN THE STONE-CUT BURROWS BENEATH THE MOUNTAINS, WHERE NO LIGHT FALLS.
GNAASH WAS LORD OF CLAN RYPP. PRAISE BE THE HORNED RAT.
FOR FORTY MAN-YEARS, UNDER SKUR, CLAN REEKILL GOUGED AND RAIDED INTO CLAN RYPP UNDER-LAND, AND RYPP RESISTED.

SPIES TOLD GNAASH OF THE GREAT FIGHT-TROPHY HIS ENEMY LORD WIELDED
FATE-BREAKER. BACK-CRACKER. RAT-MASHER.
GNAASH KNEW VICTORY WOULD NOT BE HIS UNLESS HE HAD FATE-BREAKER FOR *HIMSELF*.
HE PRAYED. BY THE LORDS OF DECAY, *HOW* HE PRAYED!
AND GREAT GIFTS AND BRIBES HE MADE TO THE RATKIN *WARLOCKS*, FEARED BY ALL.
MAGICK THEY WOVE FOR HIM. *PLAGUE* MAGICK. *DECAY* MAGICK.
SKUR OF THE REEKILL, AND HIS CHAMPIONS, WERE LURED INTO A TRAP.
GNAASH *BAITED* IT HIMSELF.

GREAT RAT-TRAP BORN OF FETID MAGICKS WEAVING *SHADOWS* IN THE STONE-CUT BURROWS BENEATH THE MOUNTAINS, WHERE NO LIGHT FALLS.
HERE SKUR BREATHED HIS LAST AND WAS UN-MADE.
AND GNAASH OF THE RYP TOOK *OWNERSHIP* OF FATE-BREAKER
IN HIS TRIUMPH, HE UN-MADE ITS OLD NAME AND CALLED IT A SHRILL SOUND THAT MEANS 'SHADOW-PRIZE' IN THE MAN-TONGUE.
AND *SEVENTY* MAN-YEARS HE RULED, SHADOW-PRIZE IN HIS PAW.
THEN THERE WAS *SKEEL*.
SKEEL BYBLOW, BROWN OF PELT AND RED OF EYE, AT THE WORLD'S EDGE WHERE ONLY SILENCE ECHOES
SKEEL WAS A BASTARD-HEIR OF GNAASH, NOT EVEN *WHELPED* WHEN GNAASH TOOK SHADOW PRIZE FROM SKUR.
POWER HE DREAMED OF, HIS YOUNG HEART GREEDY

WITH STORIES OF *RUNT-MAN GOLD*, HE TEMPTED GNAASH DEEP INTO THE VAULTS OF THE MOUNTAINS.
AND THERE HE TURNED UPON HIS *SIRE*

AND *TOOK* SHADOW-PRIZE. AND *TOOK* THE TITLE CLANLORD
HOWEVER *BRIEFLY.*
AND IN DARKNESS AND IN DUST THEY LAY, UN-MADE. FOR A *HUNDRED* YEARS, AT THE WORLD'S EDGE WHERE ONLY SILENCE ECHOES
WHAT'S THIS?
WHAT'S *THIS*, I SAY?

BY MY BEARD, THIS IS FINE INDEED!
ASmith
END

To the High Lords of the *Conventum Malleus*, in service to the eternal *Inquisition*...
THE EVACUATION CHAMBER! STOP THE HERETIC!
Our enemies are myriad and our allies few - with every day what vestiges of *hope* remain slip further from our grasp.
My Lords, a time of *trial* and *hardship* draws nigh. As ever it befalls our blessed *Ordo* to contest the dominion of *shadow* and *fear*.
I write from the Convent of the *Order Panacear* upon *Jenicae Delta*, in true and honest testimony of my Holy Work.
The alien, the heretic, the daemon.
Such things haunt my dreams, my lords, and I confess that in this dark time I am *afraid* for the *future*.
I have sought comfort in the scrying of mystics and the prophesying of psykers, but the *Tarot* conceals my fate and I know not how to proceed.
My mentor is gone from this world, and all that is left to me is *revenge*.

The Thrice-Born
Part Two
Daemonifuge III

STORY: SI SPURRIER
ART: TIERNAN TREVALLION
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON
DAEMONIFUGE CREATED BY KEV WALKER

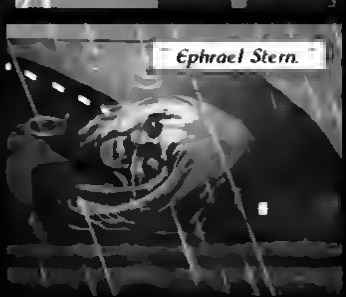
My master's name was *Silas Hand* and since my elevation to the rank of *Inquisitor* I have devoted myself to a single task:
To find him - or else destroy his *slayer*
DEAD.
BRING THE BODY
Alas the gulf between worlds is mighty, and information scant.
NEW INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE ORDO JUSTICAR.
AS THE EMPEROR WILLS.
Months had passed since his disappearance when, in desperation, I turned to the *Librium Malleus*. There, amongst the clutter and dust, my search yielded *fruit*.
I chanced upon the routine account of *Justicar Argan* of the *Grey Knights*, conveyed via telepath from *Jenicae Delta*, and in its pages I found my answer.
HER?

Jenicae is a world at war. The *Plague Lord's* pestilent maw stretches to devour it and only the valour of the Emperor's warriors holds his minions at bay.

At the heart of this dread place blossoms a rose of purity.

A *Sororitos* convent of the Order Panacear, labouring to vaccinate against the diseases of *Nurgle*.

Justicar Argan, summoned to battle on Jenicae, deposited there the mortal remains of a woman whose name I never thought to hear again.



GREY KNIGHTS, TO WAR!
Inquisitor Hand once opined that we of the Malleus must strive to *emulate* the world in which we operate
Argan did not linger at the convent for long. His testimony of Stern's *death* was vague - perhaps fitting for a man in the employ of our Ordo.
...and that His Holy Majesty's realm is thick with agents of deceit and *woe*
Stern's death, then, remains a mystery, but the suspicion my Master turned upon her before his disappearance could not be ignored.
I resolved to leave immediately for Jenicae, seeking *clues* already fearing that I would be *too late* to examine the body.
The *sisters* are - after all - a *sanctimonious* breed: bestowing *burial honours* upon even those that have fallen from *grace*.
ASK THAT SHE BE RECEIVED UNTO HIS AUGUST PRESENCE, AS BEFITS A WARRIOR OF THE SORORITAS
Is it not said, my lords, that the *Taint* may best flourish in the unguarded shadows of solemnity and ceremony?

The journey to Jenicae lasted *months*. I spent much of my time in prayer, beseeching the saints and angels of the Imperium to watch over me...
In life she displayed power that both perplexed and *impressed* my master. For *my* part, I thought her a *witch* - nothing more
ZZZ

I arrived here at the Convent Panacear with my retinue two days ago, and was greeted warmly - if impatiently - by the sisters.
The body, they assured me, was undisturbed since its interment. None had approached it.
They said that beyond *Argan* and his Knights - who might now be dead for all they knew - none were even aware of its presence.
Their *naivety* was troubling, my lords. Do they not know that agents of the *Dark Powers* are everywhere...?
...And that they rarely lie *dormant*?
OPEN IT EXUME HER.
I WOULD LOOK UPON THE DEAD FACE OF MY MASTER'S KILLER.
THHHNK

My Lords, I have not discovered the *fate* of Silas Hand. In that respect I have *failed*
But in pursuing the agent of his destruction I have unmasked an abomination that *must* be pursued
Ephrael Stern, practioner of arcane sorcery, child of Chaos, *daemon-wench* shall be found.
She will be found and brought to the Emperor's justice.
Whatever Guardian Devils watch over my quarry shall not avail her now...
In the name of the *Golden Throne* and the *Inquisition*, I shall not suffer this *witch* to live!
I, Inquisitor *FAZAEL* of the *Ordo Malleus*, swear it.
NEXT: ANABIOSIS

By Reason of Hunger:

—— Conjectures as to the Skaven Worldview ——

By Reason of Hunger: Conjectures as to the Skaven Worldview

"To understand the Weltanschauung, or worldview, of any race is to be given fundamental insight into all the dynamics of their society."

– Emil Darkheim, "The Exigencies of the Soul", or "Towards a New Understanding of Human Society", University Press, 2100 IC, page 113

War as an Expression of Skaven Fecundity

It would not he overstating the case to say that hunger, and with it the ever-present threat of famine, are the two most important realities of the Skaven world, the two immutable constants on which, ultimately, their entire society is built. Given that the high birth rate among the Ratmen has already been established, as has the fact that a single Skaven female can produce as many as a hundred offspring in a year, the reader will see at once that any society gifted with so prodigious a fecundity must always live in fear of the effects of rampant overpopulation, and all the problems that it brings.

Even granting that the constant warfare, competition and strife among the Ratmen all but guarantees that few will live to the full extent of their years, it can be seen that population growth among the Skaven does not follow the same arithmetic and demographic models usually applied to the growth of human populations. Rather, the growth of population among the Ratmen follows what might better he termed an explosive model.

Based on their high birth rate and the usual scholarly estimates of the ratio of the numbers of rats to each human being, it may be supposed that the Skaven population may well outnumber that of mankind by thirty-to-one or more. Further, given favourable conditions, the size of that population may grow exponentially, putting ever-greater stresses on the resources of the Skaven world – stresses likely to lead inexorably to famine.

Eventually, a crisis point is reached, whereby the Ratmen have no choice other than to expand their resources by right of war, or face the threat of a lingering death by starvation. It is in such times that they emerge to war upon the surface world in vast hungry hordes, attacking until they have either seized the resources they need, or else suffered so many losses that the population pressures, which compelled their assault, are relieved. Thus it can be seen that, at its root, war for the Ratmen is not only a matter of cultural antagonisms or territorial imperatives, rather it is simply the ultimate expression of Skaven fecundity – that the Ratmen must go to war in order to control their population.

Given that same fecundity, it can be seen that conflict between the Skaven and Man is inevitable until either one or another of our races is destroyed. For just as there can be no trusting the good intentions of a wolf, so there can he no peace with a hungry rat.

A Society of Hunger

The influence of birth rate and metaholism coupled with the corresponding threat of overpopulation and

famine would seem to go no small way in accounting for the constant conflict which, as we shall see later, characterises the interaction between all levels of Skaven society. Living as they do in the shadow of the ever-present threat of starvation, is it surprising that the Ratmen are constantly at each others' throats?

Theirs is a society of hunger – a world red in tooth and claw, in which each individual must be ever ready to look to his own survival, and in which every living thing is automatically judged by its potential as either food or threat. Theirs is a world without pity, mercy or compassion, where only strength and cunning are respected, a world in which there is only one law, one maxim, which holds sway: the law that says kill-or-be-killed, eat-or-be-eaten. The law of survival of the fittest. The law of the wilderness.

And above all else, the law of the rat.

IV. An Empire Below: The Lairs of the Ratmen

It has been said already that the Ratmen as a species are superbly adapted for life underground. What may not be quite so clear yet to the reader, however, is the precise nature of the Ratmen's natural "habitat". For rather than the rough-cut dens and pre-existing caves that we might expect, were we to believe those who claim the Ratmen are but a race of dismal-minded primitives, instead the Skaven domain takes the form of a vast and labyrinthine network of tunnels, warrens, burrows, and even underground cities. An "under-empire", if you will, resembling nothing so much as an unholy mirror image of our own beloved Empire. And, as distasteful as it might seem to use such a term in connection with the Ratmen, empire is indeed the only word for it.

As evidenced by the fact that reports of the Ratmen come from places as far afield as the Southlands, Araby, Lustria, even legendary Cathay, the kingdoms of the Ratmen stretch to every corner of the known world. Theirs is a world spanning empire, larger indeed in terms of territory than that of any other race. The dark tentacles of that empire extend from beneath our greatest cities to the main strongholds of Estalia and Bretonnia, from the onion-domed spires of Kislev to the kashahs and caliphates of Araby, even from beneath the doughty Holds of the Dwarfs to the sombre necropolises of the Land of the Dead. Put simply, both in the lands known to us already and whatever unknown lands which one-day we may discover, the Ratmen are everywhere.

Granted, some may wish to dispute these claims, refusing to believe that the lands of the Ratmen could in fact be greater in scope than those of Man. Others, perhaps including some who have encountered the Ratmen on the surface in the past, and noticed their tendency to use even the most structurally unsound of buildings as shelters, rather than create their own surface dwellings, may reject my claims on the grounds that the Skaven lack the technological sophistication to construct such an empire.

To adopt either position, however, is to demonstrate a refusal to see the facts as they are. As said previously, the Ratmen are a subterranean race whose true territories are hidden from our sight – a race that would no more think of erecting permanent structures on the surface of the world than mankind would of taking steps on either of our moons. Further, to attempt to dispute the size of the Skaven empire is to have failed to grasp its even more terrifying implications. For by virtue of his own civilisation, Man is not content to simply build his own works on the surface. Rather, some of his works in the shape of sewers, cellars, mines and the like are built underground. And, by intruding into the world of the Ratmen, we give these foul creatures easy access into our own.

Hence, using our own network of sewers, storm drains and cellars against us, the Ratmen are allowed to come and go in our world as they please. Who is to say that the cloaked figure you may see walking along the streets or passing by your window at night is not a Ratman? Worse, even as you read these words, who is to say the Ratmen do not lurk but a few feet away from you, hidden in the shadows and darkness of their world underground, biding their time to strike? From the palaces of our kings to the most rude and ramshackle hovels, nowhere in the human world is safe from the menace of the Ratmen.

How many apparently motiveless atrocities in the past may have come to pass because human beings, in their unthinking hubris, strayed too close to one of the entrances to the Skaven domains? Truly, as said before, the Ratmen are everywhere. And, if we would make war upon them and defeat them once and for all, it is not enough that we would fight the Ratmen only when they emerge onto the surface. Rather, we must make unstinting war upon them and cast down all their works forever.

It is with this in mind that I call upon all the scholars of the world, not least those experts in the disciplines of cartography and geology, to join together with the aim of mapping the true geography of the Skaven realms. An important first step would be to correlate all existing records of Skaven attacks, with a view to establishing some preliminary idea of the real boundaries of their world. Next, in the company of armed men, expeditions should be mounted into the Under-Empire itself for scouting purposes.

It will be no easy task. Not least because to attempt such a task at all would require the coordinated efforts of scholars from many different nations and races. Moreover, it is a task with little hope of success, unless backed with sufficient will by all the governments of those same nations and races. And so it must be. Given the enormous nature of the Skaven threat, none of us can stand alone against it. We must put aside our differences and combine our efforts, combine them in the name of brotherhood and common purpose. In the name of victory.

And, if for nothing else, in the name of our continued survival.

A WEEK HAD PASSED BUT THOUGH HELMAR LONGED TO SEE HIS WIFE THE CENTURIES HAD TAUGHT HIM CAUTION
HAVING ENCOUNTERED WITCH HUNTERS IN THE FOREST OF SHADOWS, HE KNEW HE WAS BEING HUNTED. KNEW IF HE RETURNED TO KATARINA DIRECTLY HE RISKED BRINGING HIS ENEMIES WITH HIM
AND SO FOR A WEEK NOW HE HAD TRAVELLED A TWISTING ROAD, LAYING A FALSE TRAIL TO STYMIE HIS PURSUERS.
BUT JUST AS HE GREW SATISFIED HE HAD ELUDED THEM AND TURNED FOR HOME, FATE INTERVENED
IT SEEMED HIS REUNION WITH KATARINA WOULD BE DELAYED A WHILE LONGER...
THROWN A SHOE, YOU SAY? I'LL ROUSE OUR BLACKSMITH, LORD THOUGH IF YOU WANT TO BE GONE WITHIN THE HOUR, IT'LL NOT BE CHEAP
FOR SHAME, INNKEEPER. I UNDERSTAND YOUR NEED FOR PROFIT, BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO BE DAEMONIC ABOUT IT
SAMAEL...
WHAT, NO SMILE OF GREETING, HELMAR? NO WORDS OF WELCOME?
ONE MIGHT ALMOST THINK YOU WERE LESS THAN PLEASED TO SEE ME
Of Ancient Blood
The Devil is a Gentleman

STORY: MITCHEL SCANLON • ART: JON HAWARD • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

WHAT IS IT YOU WANT, SAMAEL?
WE ARE NOT FRIENDS, DAEMON.
WANT? YOU ARE MISTAKEN, HELMAR. THIS IS A CHANCE MEETING BETWEEN OLD FRIENDS. NOTHING MORE
MM? ACQUAINTANCES, THEN THOUGH PERHAPS, WITH ALL THESE MORTALS ABOUT, YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL IN YOUR OWN CHOICE OF WORDS.
'DAEMON' IS SUCH AN ILL-FAVOURED WORD AMONG HUMANKIND.
ALMOST AS ILL-FAVOURED AS THE WORD 'VAMPIRE'!
IS THAT IT THEN? YOU HAVE COME TO TAUNT ME?
NOT AT ALL. I MERELY REMIND YOU THERE IS AN ESSENTIAL KINSHIP BETWEEN US
YOU ARE NO KIN OF MINE, DAEMON
NO? GRANTED, WE CAME TO IMMORTALITY BY DIFFERENT ROADS, BUT AS MEN JUDGE THESE THINGS WE ARE COUNTED EQUALLY AMONG THE DAMNED
AT LEAST I CAN WEAR MY TRUE FACE WITHOUT SENDING THESE PEOPLE SCREAMING FROM THE TAVERN
REALLY, HELMAR, SUCH SELF-DECEIT IS ASTONISHING, EVEN FROM YOU
YOU FORGET I KNOW YOU OF OLD. THE FACE YOU WEAR NOW BEARS NO MORE RESEMBLANCE TO TRUTH THAN MINE
YOUR TRUE FACE IS A THING RED OF EYE AND SHARP OF TOOTH.
SHOW THEM THAT FACE, AND WE WILL SEE WHO SETS THESE MORTALS SCREAMING

BUT IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME WITH YOU YOU HAVE ALWAYS REFUSED TO SEE THINGS AS THEY TRUELY ARE
LOOK AROUND YOU HELMAR...
'LOOK AT THESE DISMAL MORTALS WITH THEIR SHORT-LIVED LIVES AND ASK YOURSELF HOW LONG SINCE YOU LIVED AS THEY DO?'
'HOW LONG SINCE YOU FELT NEED TO DRAW BREATH?'
'HOW LONG SINCE YOU COULD SEE THE SUN?'
'YET DESPITE ALL THE CENTURIES YOU CLING TO THE ILLUSION OF YOUR HUMANITY, STUBBORNLY PRETENDING SOME FRAGMENT OF THE MAN YOU ONCE WERE STILL REMAINS
'BUT THAT MAN IS DEAD, HELMAR HE DIED AND WAS REBORN AS SOMETHING GREATER
'LOOK AT THESE CREATURES AGAIN AND YOU WILL SEE THEY ARE BUT OBJECTS FOR OUR SPORT AND PLEASURE
'OBJECTS TO BE DONE WITH AS WE WILL
'OBJECTS, HELMAR DEEP INSIDE, YOU KNOW IT IS TRUE.
ELSE WHY WHEN YOU LOOK AT THEM DO YOU GAZE NOT AT THEIR FACES.
'-BUT AT THEIR THROATS.
'TELL ME, MY FRIEND HOW LONG IS IT SINCE LAST YOU FED...'

WHAT DO YOU WANT SAMAEL?
IT IS MORE A QUESTION OF WHAT YOU WANT HELMAR
MY POWERS ARE BROAD IN THAT REGARD WHATEVER YOU WANT I CAN GIVE IT TO YOU
ANYTHING YOUR MIND CAN CONCEIVE ANYTHING YOUR HEART MAY DESIRE
ANYTHING, HELMAR AND I ASK SUCH A SMALL THING IN RETURN
SWEAR YOURSELF ETERNALLY TO MY MASTER SLAANESH AND WHATEVER YOU WANT WILL BE YOURS AND YOU NEED HARDLY FEAR THE CONSEQUENCES
YOU ARE, AFTER ALL ALREADY DAMNED
IT IS THE SAME BARGAIN THEN, SAMAEL? THE SAME ONE YOU HAVE OFFERED ME A DOZEN TIMES OVER THE CENTURIES?
YES.
THEN I GIVE YOU THE SAME ANSWER
EVEN IF I WERE SO FOOLISH TO TRUST A DAEMON'S PROMISE, THERE IS SIMPLY NOTHING YOU COULD OFFER THAT I WOULD EVER POSSIBLY WANT
NOT EVEN MY PROTECTION? YOU MUST KNOW YOUR ENEMIES ARE CLOSE. AND WHILE YOU MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE YOURSELF WHAT OF YOUR WIFE?
FOR ALL THEIR ALLURING QUALITIES MORTAL FEMALES CAN BE DISTRESSINGLY FRAGILE CREATURES
AND YOU DO HAVE A HISTORY OF BEING CARELESS WITH THE LIVES OF YOUR WOMEN...

YOU GO TOO FAR, DAEMON...
IS THERE SOMETHING NOT TO YOUR LIKING, MY LORD?
YOU HAVE HARDLY TOUCHED YOUR GLASS.
I SHOULDN'T WORRY MY DEAR. MY FRIEND HAS NEVER HAD MUCH OF A PALATE FOR WINE
BUT HERE · ANA, ISN'T IT? - TO SHOW WE MEAN NO DISRESPECT TO THE EXCELLENCE OF YOUR CELLAR, ACCEPT THIS TOKEN OF MY REGARDS
BUT THERE MUST BE OVER... I COULDN'T..
NONSENSE. I AM SURE YOU CAN.
A CHARMING GIRL, AND WITH A PLEASING QUALITY OF INNOCENCE ABOUT HER.
ONE WOULDN'T THINK BUTTER COULD MELT IN HER
I KNOW YOUR KIND.
COMING HERE AND TRYING TO TURN OUR ANA'S HEAD WITH YOUR GOLD. YOU'D BETTER WATCH YOURSELF, STRANGER.
TTT. REALLY, GREGOR, IT IS HARDLY MY FAULT THE WENCH KEEPS REJECTING YOUR ADVANCES
HOW...?
GRANTED, IT MUST BE GALLING WHEN SHE IS USUALLY SO FREE WITH HER FAVOURS STILL, I FIND THIS SHOW OF AGGRESSION TIRESOME AND NOT A LITTLE MISPLACED.
THINK ON IT A MOMENT AND I AM SURE YOU WILL SEE IT IS NOT ME YOU ARE ANGRY WITH.

I... NO. NOT YOU
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, DAEMON?
DONE? I ASSURE YOU, HELMAR, I HAVE DONE NOTHING
OR AT LEAST NOTHING THAT WOULD NOT HAVE LIKELY HAPPENED ANYWAY...
QUIET! YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT!
--UUHHHH!!
GO. IT IS OVER YOU ARE SAFE NOW.

...?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I... KNOW WHAT YOU ARE NOW, LORD AND... IT IS CUSTOM WHEN OUR MASTERS HELP US... TO GIVE SOMETHING IN RETURN...
LEAVE ME. I HAVE NO NEED OF YOUR BLOOD, GIRL
TONIGHT THERE IS ANOTHER TO PAY THE PRICE...
I... WH--
NO... PLEASE... NNOOO--
STILL PLAYING THE GALLANT I SEE, HELMAR
OR DID YOU DO IT ONLY TO SPITE
NO MATTER THERE WILL BE OTHER NIGHTS AND OTHER GAMES
THOUGH FIRST I SHOULD RIDE FAST IF I WERE YOU EVENTS SUCH AS THESE CANNOT HELP BUT DRAW NOTICE
AND I SPOKE TRULY WHEN I TOLD YOU THE HOUNDS WERE ALREADY ON YOUR TRAIL...
NEXT: NIGHT HUNT

Next Issue

The Hunt Begins

Of Ancient Blood: Nighthunt

Mitchel Scanlon • Jon Haward
Warhammer Monthly - Issue 83

MINUTEMEN-ABADDON